

Memoranda
OUR
VALLEY HOME

Compiled by
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and
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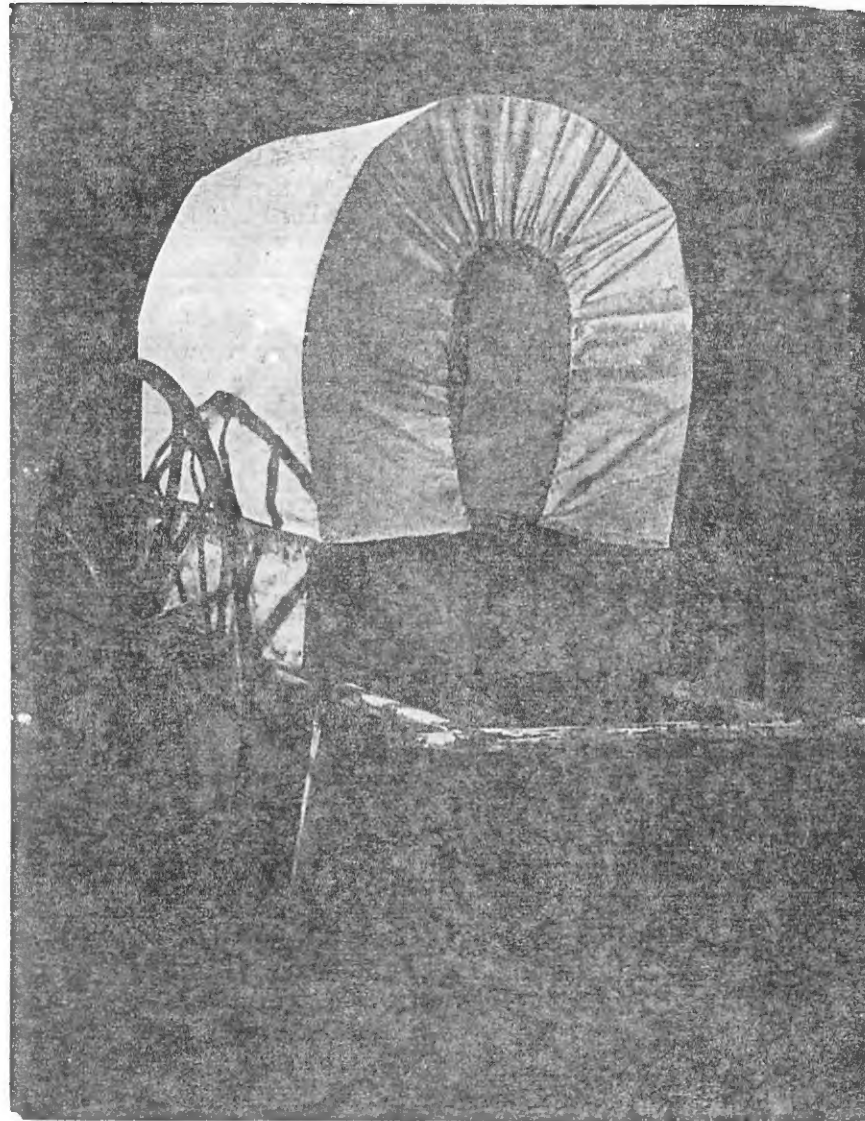
FOREWORD

It takes people who are dedicated to a purpose and who are willing to make great sacrifices in order that they might perpetuate the achievement of others to bring forth a volume such as this. They must be willing to spend years in gathering factual material so that the glory of a town and its people might be known. Fannie Richins and her daughter, Maxine Wright, are such dedicated people. They have given generously of their time, talents and means that this history of Henefer might go forth. Mrs. Richins served as the first captain of the Henefer camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and the incentive to write this book came from her association with this organization.

They have followed the history of this pioneer settlement closely from its beginning to the present, noting its advancement in agricultural, industrial, religious and cultural pursuits. Few pioneers had left written records of their activities, so it necessitated years of searching and contacting the descendants of original pioneers. They have scanned old church and town records; searched through old newspapers; written hundreds of letters in order that this book might present a true history of Henefer. It has only one purpose and that is to preserve for future generations the spirit and courage of those first settlers of this historic town and the children who followed. Their hope is that others will take heart from the lessons learned from the ingenuity and foresight of all pioneers and go forward with greater determination to meet the problems of each day.

It is a good book worthy of being in the home of every citizen of Henefer and all others interested in western history.

KATE B. CARTER



Original Handcart, 1856

Courtesy—Daughters of Utah Pioneers

SCHOOLS AND THEIR TEACHERS

*Would you like to go back to the old brick school,
Hear the bell ring once again,
See your knife carved desk, your book and slate.
And play hookey now and then—?*

*Then step on my magic carpet,
The one we call memory,
And over the clouds of the by-gone years
We'll journey—just you and me.*

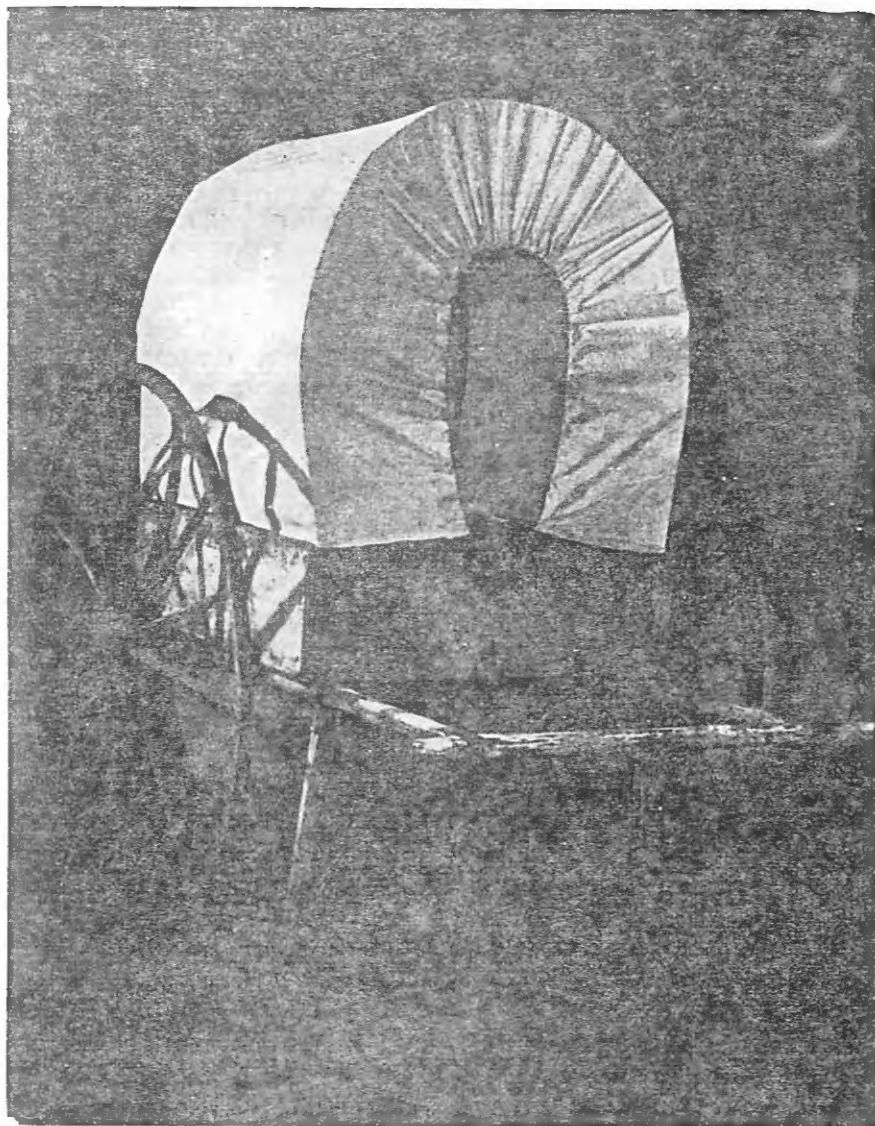
*Look! there's the schoolhouse just over the hill,
There the schoolmaster stands in the door,
He's wearing his spectacles on the end of his nose,
His coat reaches most to the floor.*

*There's a rosy cheeked girl, her hair in long braids,
And a freckled faced boy, I can see,
My darling, it's you with a slate on your arm,
And the boy that you wait for, is me.*



First School House

It is said that Utah's Pioneers brought their culture with them. In every community one of the first buildings erected was a meeting-house built of canvas, logs or adobe brick. It was not only used as a



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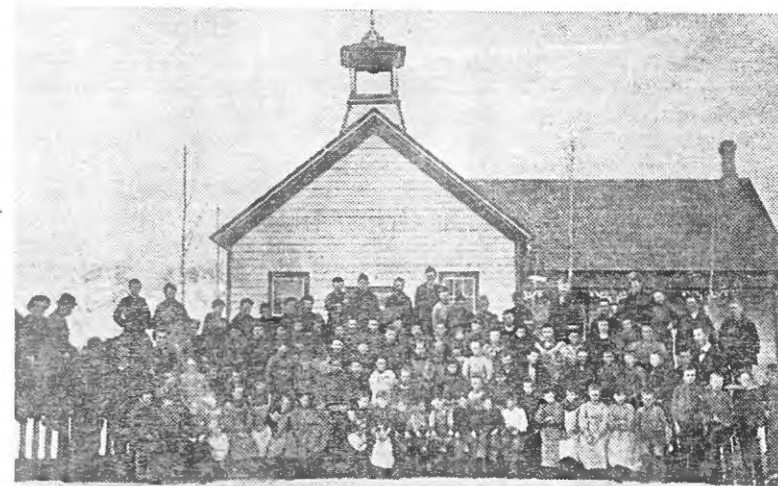
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